Speake of my lameneſſe, and I ſtraight will halt:
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not(loue)diſgrace me halfe ſo ill,
To ſet a forme vpon deſired change,
As ile my ſelfe diſgrace,knowing thy wil,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle and looke ſtrange:
Be abſent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
Thy ſweet beloued name no more ſhall dwell,
Leaſt I(too much prophane)ſhould do it wronge:
And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee,againſt my ſelfe ile vow debate,
For I muſt nere loue him whom thou doſt hate.

90

THen hate me when thou wilt, if euer,now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſſe,
Ioyne with the ſpight of fortune,make me bow,
And doe not drop in for an after loſſe:
Ah doe not,when my heart hath ſcapte this ſorrow,
Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,
To linger out a purpoſd ouer-throw.
If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me laſt,
When other petie griefes haue done their ſpight,
But in the onſet come,ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of fortunes might.
And other ſtraines of woe, which now ſeeme woe,
Compar'd with loſſe of thee,will not ſeeme ſo.

91

SOme glory in their birth,ſome in their skill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their bodies force,
Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
Some in their Hawkes and Hounds,ſome in their Horſe.
And euery humor hath his adiunct pleaſure,
Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the reſt,
But theſe perticulers are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one generall beſt.

Thy

Thy loue is bitter then high bi
Richer then wealth,prouder th
Of more delight then Hawkes
And hauing thee,of all mens p
Wretched in this alone,that
All this away,and me moſt

9

BVt doe thy worſt to ſteale t
For tearme of life thou art a
And life no longer then thy l
For it depends vpon that loue
Then need I not to feare the w
When in the leaſt of them my
I ſee,a better ſtate to me belon
Then that,which on thy humo
Thou canſt not vex me with i
Since that my life on thy reuo
Oh what a happy title do I fin
Happy to haue thy loue, happ
But whats ſo bleſſed faire t
Thou maiſt be falſe, and y

93

SO ſhall I liue,ſuppoſing th
Like a deceiued husband,
May ſtill ſeeme loue to me,th
Thy lookes with me,thy hea
For their can liue no hatred i
Therefore in that I cannot k
In manies lookes,the falſe he
Is writ in moods and froune
But heauen in thy creation di
That in thy face ſweet loue ſ
What ere thy thoughts, or th
Thy lookes ſhould nothing t
How like *Eaues* apple dot
If thy ſweet vertue anſwe